

## The Trevor Show, Featuring Michael and Franklin

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1375636) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1375636>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Grand Theft Auto V</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Trevor Philips, Michael De Santa</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-03-27 Words: 643 Chapters: 1/1

# **The Trevor Show, Featuring Michael and Franklin**

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## Summary

Trevor: The Trevor Show – When it comes to going off the rails, nobody does it better. Slight Michael/Trevor.

## Notes

For areyousgame community. First time writing in this fandom.

Trevor was fucked up, that's what Michael thought when he'd picked up the motherfucker drunk on his tits at the side of the road. 'Course Franklin had to come too but more on that later. The man was stripping down on the highway, shouting obscenities to anyone who dared look at him funny (to Trevor this was anyone who got too close), the bottle of his last binge still in his hand. When he began to take off his pants, that's when he decided to jump in.

He heard Franklin say something along the lines of "crazy motherfucker, too old for this shit man."

And he grabbed at Trevor trying to pull him into the car they'd jacked to come find him. It was no easy task, Trevor's strength lay in his madness. He made a haphazard swing at Michael, it connected (unfortunately).

He swore at the blow. "Fuck, Jesus fucking Christ. You crazy son of a bitch!"

"Mike that you?"

"No it's the motherfucking tooth fairy come to get all the extra teeth you scammed me out of."

"Fuck Mike you know what it's like."

They crawled into the car, Michael dumped the rest of Trevor's clothes into the backseat. They drove off to the nearest cafe. He remembered vaguely the coffee being quite good before Trevor went over the edge, claiming the waiter had screwed him out of a decent meal. Both him and Franklin had had to apologize on his behalf. Then they were kicked out and started driving around for a fucking good hangout, which again had settled on Trevor's strip club.

Michael knew it was only a matter of time before they all got drunk, Franklin called it a night, fucked up old dude's cramping his style again. He'd noticed Trevor had gone extremely quiet after the third girl performed.

"Girls don't know nothing man. Fucking system is fucked."

He got up on the stage.

"Fuck you doing, crazy fucker?"

"Showin' them a damn good time."

He began to dance to Rihanna's Only Girl In The World. Michael could only watch in stunned horror as he took off his shirt, then his pants came off. He had to shield his eyes at the spectacle of Trevor pulling down his underwear, he did however feel something warm and smelly hit him in the face, then fall to the floor. When Michael dared to look up there was Trevor in all his naked glory. And damn did that asshole draw in the crowd, they were

pelting money and hooting at Trevor's crazy-ass stripping.

The two friends ended up leaving the strip club with almost \$500 on hand and drunk as fuck. Michael waved down a taxi, deciding it was better the two of them not try and drive in the condition they were in, just because they were both drunk didn't mean they both lost proper judgment.

"Mike, you're a dumb fucker man."

He staggered up to the man. "We were just getting started."

"Yeah? You're lucky you own that place serious shit could've gone down man."

"Man you're the lowest fucker I've ever met but you're my best friend too."

"Hey man, hey," he slurred, having succumb to his friend's poison.

They hobbled their way down the streets of Los Santos looking like a bunch of fucking old foggies on some crazy-ass binge. The driver had dumped them in the middle of streets having had enough of both his and Trevor's antics. Trevor shrugged the whole thing off, claiming he was better off without some fancy-ass chauffeur and he'd continued walking like he wasn't thrown out on his ass. Though that was the thing Michael had always admired in Trevor, crazy son of a bitch he was. He'd always dust himself off after a crazy night, damn good friend too.

"Life's fucking boring without you Trevor."

"Damn straight Mikey."

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